Eng. Poetry

HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM

Serjeant BRADSHAW, in the SHADES,

TO

JOHN DUNNI[illegible]G, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. WILKIE, N°. 71, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

MDCCLXXX.

[Price One Shilling.]

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FROM

Serjeant BRADSHAW, in the SHADES,

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JOHN DUNNING, Esq.

PRIDE of the wondering Bar! whose potent art
Can guide the judgment, or mislead the heart;
Prince of Chicane! deep versed in every wile,
To circumvent a Judge, and Mobs beguile;
—Whom crowded Senates fondly list'ning hear,
While Kings themselves thy declamation fear;
Thee BRADSHAW hails; his truest, dearest Son,
And bids thee snatch the palm which once he won.

WHAT

VER. 7. *Thee* BRADSHAW *hails*,—] BRADSHAW, a Lawyer, was chosen President of the High Court of Justice. Even according to the principles which, in such a situation, he was perhaps obliged to adopt, his

WHAT boots it, DUNNING! with unceaſing toil
To rack thy brain, and waſte thy midnight oil;
To ſtore thy mind with learning's dull parade,
And all the taſteleſs jargon of the Trade,
If not ſome object thou aſpir'ſt to gain,
To crown thy labors, and reward thy pain?
Various the points to which Ambition tends,
And hard the ſtruggle which in Greatneſs ends;
But when Succeſs has crown'd our bold eſſay,
When Fortune leads us on, and points the way,
Labor grows pleaſant, Diſappointment flies,
And Exultation joys to ſnatch the prize.

SUCH as Thou now art, DUNNING! I was once,
Sought by each client, dreaded by each dunce:
Nurſed in the lumber of the legal ſchool,
I learn'd the art to make mankind my tool;

behaviour in general will appear not a little harſh and barbarous; but when we conſider him as a ſubject, *and one too of no high character*, addreſſing himſelf to his unfortunate Sovereign, his ſtyle will be eſteemed to the laſt degree audacious and inſolent. HUME's *Hiſtory*.

Thence, ſtep by ſtep, to eminence I roſe,
Shifted the ſcale of Juſtice as I choſe,
'Till laſt, diſdaining meaner paths, I turn'd
To politics, and as a patriot burn'd:
Slave to dominion, tyrant in my ſoul,
I felt my meanneſs, yet deſpiſed controul;
Too proud my rightful Sovereign's power to own,
With ſavage hand I pluck'd him from his throne;
As a foul felon, dared my King to try,
And judged anointed Majeſty to die.

On Thee Democracy now calls for aid,
Pants to behold her flag again diſplay'd,
And marks in Thee another BRADSHAW riſe,
With royal ſacrifice to feaſt her eyes.
Hail the glad moment, DUNNING! ſpread the ſail,
And catch, while yet it blows, the fav'ring gale:

VER. 33. —*dared my King to try,*] King CHARLES I. was impeached as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the Commonwealth. HUME's *Hiſtory.*

Fame

Fame greater far than mine the deed ſhall crown,
And hand to endleſs ages thy renown.

WHAT tho' my ſentence doom'd my King to bleed?
CHARLES gave pretence to juſtify the deed:
Illegal taxes drain'd the murmuring land,
Indignant Senates heard his harſh command;
Prerogative advanced with dangerous ſtride,
And graſp'd dominion which the laws denied.
Reſiſtance then was juſt.—But when the throne
Has fix'd the legal power like it's own,

VER. 43. *What tho' my ſentence*—] The Publiſher is ſenſible it may appear inconſiſtent for BRADSHAW to adviſe his pupil to tread in his ſteps, when the exigencies of the times differ ſo widely. But he truſts the Reader will conſider, that conſiſtency is by no means the characteriſtic of Patriots, either in their apprenticeſhip, or when they have ſet up for themſelves: and that they will not ſcruple to acknowledge Don Quixote to have been a more thorough and redoubtable Knight Errant, than any of thoſe whoſe examples he followed; as *they* were contented to love the miſtreſs, or engage the giant, which fortune threw in their way; while he, who might have lived comfortably at home, choſe to go out of his way, create a miſtreſs for himſelf, and turn a windmill into a giant, that he might enjoy the ſatisfaction of knocking him on the head. It might not be improper for our modern Don Quixotes and their Squires to recollect, that he ſometimes met with a cudgelling, and that Sancho was not the only Squire who may be toſſed in a blanket.

Has-

Has ne'er infringed the rights of free debate,
Or roſe deſpotic o'er a falling State;
How greater far thine art! how worthier praiſe!
With foſtering breath the fainting flame to raiſe,
To govern crowds obedient to thy call,
And ſhake ST. JAMES'S, as I ſhook WHITEHALL!
The iron is red hot, ſtrike boldly now,
And tear the circle from the regal brow;
Pluck up each fence which guards the ſacred tree,
And nip the bud of blooming Majeſty:
Let no remorſe invade thy purpoſed mind,
But to one ſtandard level all mankind.
Fix'd in aſſurance, and with faction loud,
Inculcate maxims on the gaping crowd.

VER. 64. *Inculcate maxims*—] Maxims are a kind of propoſitions, which have paſſed for principles of ſcience; and which, being ſelf-evident, have been by ſome ſuppoſed innate. Mr. LOCKE ventured to expel them from his philoſophy, aſſerting, that diſquiſition and proof were the teſt of truth; and that whatever would not ſtand their touch, muſt be conſidered as baſe metal. Mr. DUNNING reprobates this doctrine, and roundly aſſerts in his late famous ſpeech, "That the facts he advanced "were inconteſtible propoſitions of an abſtract nature, which could not "be diſcuſſed, truths ſelf-evident, which it would be abſurd to attempt "to prove."

Let dire Court influence in each period roll,
'Till boding terrors rack the hearer's ſoul.
Swear, you alone your country can redeem,
And clothe with quaint device the glorious theme:
New-fangled modes of eloquence invent,
Where words ſupply the place of argument.
If wrong your premiſes, increaſe the cry
In juſt proportion to the falſity:
Let abſtract propoſitions ſtun the ear,
Which ſtrike at once, and free diſcuſſion fear;
And truths, ſelf-evident, which ſtand aloof,
Abhor debate, and dread the touch of proof:
Then argue ſtoutly, every doubt remove,
And facts unproveable from Pamphlets prove.
Methinks I ſee Thee, riſing in thy place,
Great Demagogue! Epitome of Grace!
Diſplay thy ſtores of elegance and eaſe,
Till thrice three hems thy captive voice releaſe:
Made vocal now, it ſounds the fearful tale,
And runs thro' every note of faction's ſcale.

Like his, who erſt, with love of glory warm,
Bellowed orations to the gathering ſtorm,
Thy voice grows ſtronger from oppoſing ſound,
While Order! Hear him! thro' the Houſe reſound:
There GORDON reprobates a Popiſh Court;
Here LUTTRELL weeps the loſs of *Milbourne Port*;
BURKE's Fury blows her horn, ſhakes *Snowdon*'s baſe,
And moves old *Cader Edris* from his place;
BARRE and PITT to ſwell the concert join,
And BAMBER loudly calls his troops to dine;

VER. 91. BURKE's *Fury blows her horn*, &c.] The Publiſher is conſcious that the Serjeant's poetry is by no means ſo poetical as the Orator's proſe. He wiſhes to do the latter all imaginable juſtice, and therefore takes the liberty of tranſplanting the beautiful flowers from the Orator's hot-bed into his own garden.—" Since the invaſion of King EDWARD, and the maſ-" ſacre of the Bards, there never was ſuch a tumult, *and* alarm, *and* uproar " through the region of *Preſtatyn*. *Snowdon* ſhook to its baſe; *Cader Edris* " was looſened from its foundations. The fury of litigious war blew " her horn on the mountains. The rocks poured down their goatherds, " and the deep caverns vomited out their miners. Every thing above " ground, and every thing under ground, was in arms."

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton!

Laughters,

Laughters, unheard till now, complete the brawl,
Thy *obligato* voice ſurmounts them all!

Who is there, loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame?
Who in ſuperior vice has fix'd his fame?
Or who, with empty purſe, has paſſions yet,
Pants for the ſtew, or ſtakes the darling bet?
Theſe are thy tools; theſe, moved with dextrous ſkill,
Can raiſe a ſtorm obedient to thy will:
Poor ſervile Puppets, fit for every uſe,
For treaſons, riots, votes, or foul abuſe:
Moſt harmleſs in themſelves; but well applied,
May ſhake the baſis of *Old England*'s pride;
With ſavage joy impel her headlong fate,
And, more than CATILINES, deſtroy a ſtate.

VER. 95. *Laughters*, &c.] Some of the young Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons, who have had the good fortune to receive an Univerſity education, fortunately recollecting that definition of man, that he is *animal riſibile*, have availed themſelves of this noble faculty, to prove that they are of the human ſpecies, and to confound thoſe arguments by laughter, which they could not confound by reaſon, to the very great edification of the lobby and galleries, and to the honour and ſatisfaction of their conſtituents.

But,

But, is there one whom real virtue fires,
With purer thoughts and more refined deſires,
With temper'd warmth, and manly ſpirit bold,
Whoſe honeſt palm ne'er itch'd for ſordid gold;
Whom titled Honor ſtamps with juſtice great;
Whom Fortune marks for influence in the State;
Whoſe nicer feelings make him ſhun a Court,
The mart of principle, and knave's reſort;
But which alike reſtrain his cautious tread
From thoſe mad ſchools where Patriot boys are bred?
If ſuch there be, invite not him to join;
Deem him unfit for purpoſes like thine.
He ne'er, to aid a Democratic cauſe,
Will ſtoop to falſehood, or pervert the laws;
He nobly firm will ſtem the boiſt'rous flood,
And with Carmarthen plan his Country's good.

Ver. 118. *From thoſe mad ſchools*, &c.] Our phlegmatic forefathers were ſatisfied with enjoying the gifts of nature in their proper ſeaſon; and accounted a length of beard no mean index of the underſtanding of the wearer. Our gardeners, however, now foreſtal our markets with forced cucumbers and aſparagus, and beardleſs boys ſprout up Patriots and Stateſmen.

But thouſands ſtill remain; the reign of Vice
Has ſtamp'd on every venal front its price:
Some pant for honors, ſome for riches cry,
And ſome for indolence and penſions ſigh.
Strike but with plaſtic hand the proper note,
True to the touch, the nice-tuned Patriots vote;
Purſue the charm, the mighty work is done,
And madneſs ends what headſtrong zeal begun.
F—x, whoſe drain'd coffers no reſource afford,
Who loſt his all at Brookes's magic board,
Frantic beholds the fleeting moments fly,
And dreads the proſpect of futurity.
Judgments, annuities, and bonds compoſe
A terrible ſum total of his woes;
Chriſtians and Jews, a long expecting band,
In double file to ſeize the moment ſtand:
A diſſolution muſt complete his fate,
And ſhift his lodging to the *King's Bench*-grate:
For Patriots, ſteady in the ſmalleſt things,
Hate the *King's Bench* becauſe it is the King's.

Him Faction claims her own; his pen, his tongue,
Ring every change, ſo oft by Patriots rung.
End how it will, he ſtill muſt be a winner,
Secure election, and procure a dinner.
Great Poverty! 'tis thou compell'ſt the deed;
'Tis fit the hungry Senator ſhould feed,
Pick up enough to pay the Tavern's ſcore,
And purchaſe Freedom for *ſeven* winters more.

Behold another candidate for glory!
Not leſs recorded in Rebellion's ſtory:
He quits his flock, his duty, and his God,
And rules Aſſociations with his nod:
A ſecond Horne, he graſps the wreath of Fame;
A ſecond Horne, admiring crowds proclaim!
May the ſame fate attend the virtuous pair!
The ſame reward their wondrous worth declare!

Ver. 152. *And purchaſe freedom*, &c.] Should Mr. F—x ſucceed in his preſent deſign upon the *Weſtminſter* Freeholders, it is much to be apprehended, that he would ſoon forget in *St. Stephen's Chapel* what he ſaid in *Weſtminſter Hall*; and miſtaking once more the Houſe of Commons for Brookes's, cry out by a ſort of natural impulſe, Seven's the main.

Fame!

Fame! ſwell thy loudeſt note, tell all the earth,
Faction now gives a ſecond Saviour birth;
Repeat the ſtrain, let all her Sons rejoice,
And hail great WYVILL with exulting voice!
Son of a Penſioner, whoſe hoary head
Bows to the Miniſter for daily bread;
A Footman's grandſon now directs the State,
While truckling Peers his high beheſts await.

FAIN would my feeble pen attempt to raiſe
Some laſting monument to NORTON's praiſe:
But ah! too arduous and ſublime I deem
So great, ſo good, ſo virtuous a theme:
Let him be herald of his own applauſe,
And boaſt himſelf the Hero of the laws.
What tho' Patrician riches he enjoys,
Places for life, and penſions for his boys,

Thankleſs

VER. 176. *Places for life*, &c.] The Public feels, therefore can hardly want reminding, that this Right Honourable Gentleman is in poſſeſſion of many thouſands *per ann.* Perhaps they may not ſo generally know, that

Thankleſs he grumbles yet, aſpires at more,
And bites that generous hand he lick'd before.
Proceed, great Speaker! ſtop the warm debate,
Thy modeſt worth and high pretenſions ſtate;
Produce thy witneſs to inforce thy tale,
And *ſwear* 'tis true, when gentler methods fail.
E'en I, grown grey in inſolence, cry huſh!
And my cheek reddens, which ne'er knew a bluſh;
While Satan ſmiles triumphantly to ſee
His own ingratitude revived in thee.
Tho' worth like thine on earth be ill-repaid,
Here, be aſſured, a difference will be made;
Here ſhalt thou flouriſh, here direct the helm,
The Lord Chief Juſtice of th' infernal Realm.

Such are the tools thy glorious work to form,
To ſweep the billows, while thou ruleſt the ſtorm:
Like winds broke looſe, all obſtacles they brave,
Ruſh o'er the plain, or ſwell the angry wave;

that his eldeſt ſon, the quondam Miniſter to the Swiſs Cantons, finding his ſituation diſagreeable, thought it expedient to return home; where he has enjoyed for theſe ſeven years a penſion of 1000l. *per ann.* " *till he can get ſomething better.*"

Deform with rude confuſion Nature's face,
And with one ruin mark their direful trace;
Their mighty Ruler Thou, with potent ſway,
To urge their fury, and direct their way.

Proceed then, Dunning! in thy bold career,
Make Premiers tremble, and their Maſters fear:
For thee ſhall Fame her nobleſt wreaths entwine,
In Faction's temple foremoſt ſhalt thou ſhine,
And future Humes ſhall dignify thy pains,
And hang thee up in ſtrong hiſtoric chains.

FINIS.